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Bacchinalia Coelestia :  
A P O E M,  
IN PRAISE OF  
P U N C H :

Compos'd by the GODS and GODDESSES in Cabal.  
*By Cap<sup>t</sup> Ratcliffe.*

**T**HE Gods and the Goddesses lately did Feast,  
Where *Ambrosia* with exquisite *sauces* was drest:  
The *Edibles* did with their qualities suit;  
But what they did *drink*, did occasion dispute.  
'Twas time that *Old Nectar* should grow out of fashion,  
A Liquor they drank long before the Creation,  
When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from the Board,  
For the *Christalline Bowl* great *Jove* gave the Word,  
This was a *Bowl* of most heavenly size,  
In which *Infant-Gods* they did use to baptize.

Quoth *JOVE*, we're inform'd they drink *Punch* upon Earth,  
By which Mortal Wights out-do us in Mirth;  
Therefore our *Godheads* together let's lay,  
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.  
'Twas spoke like a God, Fill the Bowl to the Top,  
He's *cashier'd* from the Sky that leaves but a Drop.

*APOLLO* dispatch't away one of his *Lasses*,  
Who fill'd us a *Pitcher* from th' Well of *Parnassus*.  
To Poets new born, this Water is brought;  
And this they suck in for th'ir Mornings draught.

*JUNO* for *Lemons* sent into her Closet;  
Which when she was sick, she infus'd into *Poffet*:  
For Goddesses may be as qualmish as *Gipsies*;  
The Sun and the Moon we find have *Eclipses*;  
Those *Lemons* were called the *Hesperian fruit*,  
When Vigilant Dragon was let to look to't.  
Three dozen of these were squeez'd into Water;  
The rest of the Ingredients in order came after.

*VENUS*, the Admirer of things that are sweet,  
Without her infusion there had been no Taste.

Commanded her *Sugar-Loafs*, white as her *Doves*;  
Supported to th' Table by a brace of young *Loves*.  
So wonderful curious these *Deities* were,  
The *Sugar* they strain'd through a Sieve of thin Air.

*BACCHUS* gave notice by dangling a Bunch,  
That without his assistance there could be no *Punch*.  
What was meant by his sign, was very well known;  
For they threw in a Gallon of trusty *Lagoon*.

*MARS*, a blunt God, though chief of the *Briskets*,  
Was seated at Table, still swirling his Whiskers;  
Quoth he, fellow-Gods and *Celestial Gallants*;  
I'd not give a far for your *Punch* without *Nantz*:  
Therefore Boy *Ganymed* I do command ye  
To put in at least two Gallons of *Brandy*.

*SATURN*, of all the Gods was the oldest,  
And we may imagine his stomach was coldest;  
Did out of his Pouch three *Nutmegs* produce;  
Which when they were grated, were put to the Joyes.

*NEPTUNE* this Ocean of *Liquor* did Crown  
With a hard *Sea-Bisket* well bak'd in the Sun.  
This Bowl being finish'd, a Health was begun:  
Quoth *Jove*, let it be to our Creature call'd *Man*.

'Tis to him alone these pleasures we owe,  
For Heaven was never true Heav'n till now.

*Since the Gods and our Models they designed*  
*There's a Health to you* CHARLES THE SECOND  
1684

FINIS